

TO AN INSECT.

BY O. W. HOLMES,

Where'er thou art hid,
 Thou testy little dogmatist,
 Thou pretty Katy-did!
 Thou mindest me of gentle folks—
 Old gentle folks are they—
 Thou sayest an undisputed thing
 In such a sofisma way.
 Thou art a female Katy-did!
 I know it by thy mill
 That quivers through thy pawing notes,
 So potent and shrill.

I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hallow tree—
A knot of epicure Katy-dids—
Do Katy-dids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?

Did Katy love a naughty man,
And kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me sweetest Katy-did,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah not the living oak shall crush,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its massy base

And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katy-did
Shall add one word to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.
Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death, her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid
And then the child of future years.

Shall learn what Kay-did.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—In a village churchyard, near Thornton, in England is a stone to the memory of the builder of the church, with this inscription:

Here lies John Trollop;
Who made these stones to roll up,
When the Lord took his soul up,
His body went to fill this hole up.

A dandy, remarking one summer day that the weather was so excessive hot that when he put his head in a basin of water it

fairly boldly, received for reply, 'then, sir, you have a calf's head soup at very little expense.'

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'Good m'orn, Mister Grimes. I come over to see if you'd lend our dog your pickaxe, to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbors cows and then they won't come about any more, so we have to drink our coffee without cream or sugar.'

JENNY LIND INVESTING HER CAPITAL.—The last Stockholm papers say that Jenny has just purchased one of the largest estates

Sweden, that of Beckarsnoerg, in the Province of Nykoping. The journals state that the last letters received by her friend in Sweden, contradict positively the report lately published of her approaching marriage.

☞ A young man who wished to inform a lady that decayed eggs had been thrown at him by the boys, said that "a shower of eggs which had disappointed the hopes of a fruitful incubent fell in fearful proximity to his person." Eggs-actly.

UP HILL AND DOWN.—Fred. ——— was

going to marry a poor girl. "Don't do it," said his friend, "you can marry any one you like. Take my advice; marry rich. Don't make a fool of yourself. It will be 'up-hill work.'" "Good!" said the other. "I had rather go 'up hill' than down hill any time." It was thought by a by-stander that Fred had "got him," and the other seemed to be pretty much of that opinion himself.

Q—Why don't you put on a clean shirt and a swell, the other night to his companion, "then the girls will smile on you as they do on me."

A—Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt and a swell.

An editor out near sun-down says 'a gentleman just laid an egg on our table, weighing seven ounces.' A curious gentleman, that, to lay eggs, and altogether quite a diminutive table, to weigh only seven ounces. A mistake somewhere.

☞ In this country we own no sovereignty except the ladies—God bless them!—and every man ought to have one of them.

to have an honest community the church must be upright and honest.

No one ever expects to hear anything pointed or furible from a person lying on a sofa, or lounging in an arm chair.